

And spur my dull reuenge. What is a man
 If his chiefe good and market of his time
 Be but to sleepe and feed, a beaſt, no more:
 Sure he that made vs with ſuh large diſcourſe
 Looking before and after, gaue vs not
 That capability and God-like reaſon
 To ſuſt in vs vnusd, now whether it be
 Beſtiall obliuion, or ſome crauen ſcruple
 Of thinking too precifely on th'euent,
 A thought which quartered harh but one part wiſdome,
 And euer three parts coward, I doe not know
 Why yet I liue to ſay this thing's to doe,
 With I haue cauſe, and wil and ſtrength, and meanes
 To doo't; examples groſſe as earth exhort me,
 Witnes this Army of ſuch maſſe and charge,
 Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
 Whoſe ſpirit with diuine ambition puſt,
 Makes mouthes at the inuiſible euent,
 Expoſing what is mortall, and vnſure,
 To all that fortune, death and danger dare,
 Euen for an Egge-shell, Rightly to be great,
 Is not to ſtirre without great argument,
 But greatly to find quarrell in a ſtraw
 When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then
 That haue a father kild, a mother ſtained,
 Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,
 And let all ſleepe, while to my ſhame I ſee
 The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
 That for a fantaſie and tricke of ſame
 Doe to their graues like beds, fight for a plot
 Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
 Which is not tombe enough and continent
 To hide the ſlaine. O from this time forth,
 My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth.

Exit.

Enter Horatio, Gertrard, and a Gentleman.

Quee. I will not ſpeake with her,

Gsn. She is importunat,

deed diſtract, her moode will needes be pittied.

Quee.

Prince of Denmark.

Quee. What would ſhe haue?

Gent. She ſpeakes much of he
 There's tricks i th world, and hem
 Spurnes enuiouſly at ſtrawes, ſpea
 That carry but halfe ſence, her ſpe
 Yet the vnſhaped uſe of it doth mo
 The hearers to collection, they ya
 And botch the words vp fit to th
 Which as winckes, and nods, and
 Indeepe would make one thinke
 Though nothing ſure, yet much v

Hora. Twere good ſhe were ſp
 Dangerous coniectures in ill-bree
 Let her come in

Enter Ophelia.

Quee. 'To my ſicke ſoule, as ſi
 'Each toy ſeemes prologue to ſom
 'So full of artleſſe iealoſie is guilt
 'It ſpills it ſelfe, in fearing to be ſp

Oph. Where is the beauteous

Quee. How now Ophelia.

Oph. How ſhould I your true
 By his cockle hat and ſtaffe, and h

Quee. Alaffe ſweet Lady, wha

Oph. Say you, nay pray you ma
 He is dead and gone Lady, he is c
 At his head a graſſe greene turph,
 Oho,

Quee. Nay but Ophelia.

Oph. Pray you marke. White h

Enter King.

Quee. Alaffe looke heere my L
Oph. Larded all with ſweet flo
 Which beweept to the ground dic
 With true loue ſhowers.

King. How doe you pretty La

Oph. Well good didd you, they
 ter, Lord wee know what wee a
 God be at your table